The Ladder

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by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

"Will frowned. He tried to breathe in deeply to get rid of his growing erection and his agitation but he failed. "Isn't this rather unprofessional, Doctor?" He said, still distrustful and panting.

"This may be rather unorthodox, I agree, but I confess I have grown rather fond of you, Will. And I merely want the best for your wellbeing. Will you accept my help?" Hannibal purred into his ear. "

Will is particularily stressed and angry when he seeks out Hannibal at his office again. The psychiatrist offers him an unorthodox way to relax.

Notes

Disclaimer:

I do not own these characters. They belong to Thomas Harris and the creators of the TV show.

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This idea was born when I was sitting relaxing at the lake and my muse told me that we need more "ladder porn".

Thanks for your comments and support ❤️

Will was particularly tense today. The cases he had been working on had strained his nerves, and his mental sanity was at the verge of breaking down. Hannibal knew he was in great distress the moment he entered his office, seeking his counsel again.Hannibal watched him pacing around anxiously in his office. He smelled the sour scent of fear and desperation on him, mingled with the sweet, feverish scent of encephalitis. Despite his curiosity of how the illness would influence his decisions, the psychiatrist could not help and feel slightly worried in secret. Will kept abusing his empathy, his active imagination for Jack again and again without setting boundaries for himself. His delicate pale, nearly ghostly white face with the dark circles under his eyes basically screamed he needed a break.

As he had grown quite fond of Will, his fierce little lamb he wanted to seduce and introduce him to his perspective of the world, an idea took shape in his mind. Hannibal was mostly certain Will felt attracted to him just as he felt drawn to him. The way he always turned around when he arrived for his evening sessions, greeting him with his back. The way he reciprocated his gaze without blinking, drinking him in. The way he behaved when Hannibal was with him at the crime scene, always standing close at his side than needed. The sideways glances he threw at him when he thought he would not notice. This was not mere coincidence.

Will was approaching the ladder and leaned against it. The agent continued to explain in his raised voice how his own sense of identity started to slip away from him the more he dived into the mind of the killers. How Jack pushed him more over the edge every time there was a new case despite claiming he doesn't want to see him broken. Yet Hannibal noticed he did not admit his neglect of self-care or the need to get out of this job which he had already suggested to him before.

They were just discussing Will's suggestion to get a brain scan as he suspected a tumour or epilepsy when he noticed something and got distracted from his words. His gaze shifted to Will's body.

Hannibal frowned for some seconds as he watched him rub his back against the ladder, Did Will know what kind of signal he sent him? Probably not. The psychiatrist felt his heartbeat quicken despite the fact that he needed to be in control over his emotions. Hannibal decided to make a proposal to calm his distressed lamb. An unconventional form of therapy but effective and to his likings.

"Will, calm down" he heard himself say in his persuasive voice, approaching the young man who was muttering "fuck", cupping his face in his hands, when he asked him if he had lost time again.

"Will, I think it is time you invest more time in your self-care." Hannibal softly whispered, only inches away from him. Will pressed himself even more against his ladder, his body stiff and tense."I'm worried about you."

"And when should I take care of myself, Doctor?" Will snarled in his habitual grumpy and brusque manner. "I have to work night and day. I can barely sleep. I don't know who I am anymore."

Hannibal stroked his arm until his hand found his. He gently wrapped his fingers around Will's. The hand of the agent felt hot as if he had a fever. "Right now. With me."

At this remark and the grabbing of his hand he received a rather dubious look from Will.

"Excuse me?" Will snapped at him, being rather unfriendly but also baffled by his suggestions and advances. Hannibal took in his cheap aftershave, his sweat, the scent of dogs but also something else.He identified the salty scent when he looked down at h Will's crotch. Hannibal caught him blushing as the young man noticed he was aware of his sexual arousal.

"You need to find a way to escape from the nightmares that haunt you, Will." Hannibal muttered. "May I show you how you can get rid of your stress effectively?"

Will frowned. He tried to breathe in deeply to get rid of his growing erection and his agitation but he failed. "Isn't this rather unprofessional, Doctor?" He said, still distrustful and panting.

"This may be rather unorthodox, I agree, but I confess I have grown rather fond of you, Will. And I merely want the best for your wellbeing. Will you accept my help?" Hannibal purred into his ear.

Will stared at him with his deep blue eyes framed by thick lashes for some seconds before realising something he had ignored for quite some time for the fear of being rejected and because he would have damaged his reputation."You...you are attracted to me?"

Hannibal caressed his face with his hands, gently stroking along the stubbles and his jawline before answering. "Yes. For quite a while already."He smiled at him warmly, watching the pupils of Will dilate in surprise.

Will lowered his head for a moment, contemplating before answering in a low voice. "I-I don't know if this is a good idea." He frowned and pulled a sceptical face. "You're my therapist."

Hannibal smiled. "I think it's an excellent idea. And you're not my official patient so..."

"I ask you again. Will you let me help you relax?"Hannibal whispered.

The agent hesitated before staring at him longingly, still pressed harshly against the ladder.

He gave him a crooked smile. "Yes," he breathed."But what are you going to?" He stopped when he realised what the psychiatrist was about to do. "Sex therapy, hm?" He muttered, regarding him with his hazy eyes and a raised eyebrow. Hannibal sensed that the agent was not opposed to the idea for he seemed to loosen his defences and spread his legs for him with a little smirk on his lips.

"If you want to call it that way then I won't correct you," Hannibal answered in his deep and controlled voice while moving his hands towards his groin, gently opening the button and the zipper of his jeans.

"Oh, Doctor Lecter." Will murmured, breathing heavily.

“Please,Will. Leave the formalities aside.” Hannibal answered while his hands rested on his throbbing cock pressing against the fabrics of his grey boxer shorts.

Will moaned and flushed red again. Hannibal gazed at him in amusement and fondness but the agent avoided his look. “You have flirted with me in the last few sessions and at the crime scenes. Am I correct in my observations you have experienced such level of arousal more often recently because of me ?" Hannibal asked, watching him attentively with his maroon eyes while starting to pull down the jeans and the boxer shorts.

“Yes. Every time I am near you“, Will hissed through gritted teeth.“Oh God, Hannibal...”Hannibal started caressing his sensitive inner thighs with his fingers, kneeling before Will.

Hannibal observed him with his maroon eyes for some seconds. “Now I know why you are always so angry and defensive, Will” Hannibal commented quietly while he touched and massaged the erected cock of Will with his one hand. The other hand was still running along his lean thighs until it reached his testicles, squirming them playfully.

Hannibal enjoyed the sight of the already engorged cock of Will exposed in front of him while he tenderly kissed the head of the dick, licking around the glans. His taste was exquisite.

“Stay present, Will” Hannibal muttered, watching Will tremble and hearing him moan beneath his touches, watching him from above.”Don’t go back into your head.”

“I-I want to watch you” Will breathed out, his eyes widened.“It feels so good, Hannibal...” His voice was higher pitched this time.

Hannibal purred. “Good. Then relax.”

The moans and gasps of Will were music in Hannibal’s ears as he finally, after teasing him for some minutes with his hands and his tongue, wrapped his mouth around the shaft and let Will fuck his mouth. Hannibal seized him by his hips and directed his movements. He allowed Will to enter him slowly before increasing the pace and handing control to Will.

Hannibal kept looking up at him and marvelled in the sight. It was fascinating how Will’s face looked like while he indulged him. His eyes widened, hazed and full of lust, his face twitching. So irresistible.This was a memorable moment to be savoured and remembered in his mind palace.Will started to thrust his cock into Hannibal’s mouth faster now, causing Hannibal nearly to choke. But he did not wince and let Will’s cock enter his mouth and throat deeper and deeper. Will pulled his lover's hair and let hisses and whimpers escape him. He smiled and for the first time in weeks, his facial features seemed relaxed and content .

“I’m close, Hannibal...fuck” Will whimpered before pulling out, panting heavily.He had pushed himself with the help of Hannibal to his climax before he spurted out his cum into Hannibal’s hands. Luckily the psychiatrist was quick enough to react before his jacket got stained with his semen.

Will panted and looked at Hannibal through his hazy eyes. He fetched a tissue from his jacket, and the psychiatrist wiped his hands clean, looking at Will in satisfaction. He would have loved to taste the cum of Will, but it was still too early. It would take some time before they could potentially fully commit to each other in a relationship which was not possible at this point.

When the lamb is truly mine and no longer Jack's pet, Hannibal thought.

He put on his boxer shorts and pants again after wiping his groin clean. Will looked calmer and more relaxed.The panic that had plagued him was gone. At least for now.

"Thank you, Hannibal." Will said. A faint sincere smile curled on his face."I feel better."

Hannibal returned his smile. "You're Most welcome."

Will gazed at him fondly and stood close to him, lingering for some moments with his hands placed on Hannibal's hips. The agent clearly enjoyed the newfound intimacy between them. Hannibal did the same. He sensed that Will would now lower his defenses even more after noticing his feelings were reciprocated. The psychiatrist was pleased at this change. New possibilities were offered to him.

Still something was on his mind which needed to be uttered before he left. Will halted before opening the door, turning around again to Hannibal who escorted him to the exit.

"I suppose, we better keep this to ourselves", Will said to Hannibal, hinting at tonight's revelation.

"Yes, we better do. Imagine the look on Jack's face." Hannibal answered with an amused look on his face.

Will, who imagined Jack's possible reaction, had to laugh out loud in his unmistakable, innocent voice, shaking his head before turning to leave. Hannibal enjoyed to hear that laugh so much. Since he met him for breakfast he had rarely heard him laugh again. It was so genuine and beautiful. Hannibal simply adored his scruffy and rude little lamb.

"Will." Hannibal added, causing Will to halt at the door again."I would gladly repeat this again, if you desire me to."

The agent blushed and gave him a last intimate and affectionate smile before he left and walked down the stairs.

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